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Nostradamus's PROPHECY.

FOR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,
 Injustice and Oppression shall commix
 To ruin *Britain*, which again shall rise,
 Beyond all Hopes aspiring to the Skies,
 Where Vengeance dwells, and will it self repress,
 The Servitude which does our Isle oppress;
 When Legislators shall their Trust betray,
 Saving their own shall give the rest away;
 And those false Men, by th'easie People sent,
 Give Taxes to their Tool by Parliament;
 Where barefac'd Villians shall not blush to cheat,
 And plunder all, their Ruin to compleat;
 And thro' the Palaces Foundation bore,
 Burr'wing themselves to hoard their guilty Store;
 When Players come to act the Part of Priest,
 By way of Scoff, or Derogation least;
 When Prebyterian Discipline shall be,
 The Champion for the *English* Hierarchy;
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
 And strive, by Law, t'establish Tyranny;
 When *Mahomet* shall sway the *Horses* Tail,
 And Turbants shall the *British* Peers regale,
 Poor *Albion's* Constitution then bewail;
 When Sodomy shall be prime Min'sters Sport,
 And Whoring deem'd the least of Crimes at Court,
 Where *British* Treasure daily is consum'd,
 And *Britain's* Scepter by a *GUELPH* assum'd;
 When base Usurpers endless Plagues sustain,
 And by alternate Fate submit and reign;
 When no Man knows in whom to put his Trust,
 And e'en to rob the Chequer shall be just;
 When Declarations, Lie, and every Oath,
 Shall be in Use at Court, but Faith and Troth;
 When a Father shall his next Heir disown,
 And *London* shall without a King be known;
 When a Throne is giv'n to an ignorant Fool,
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Harlots rule;
 When *England's* Chief shall *English* Men despise,
 And think *Turks* only loyal, *Germans* wise;
 When Hogan Raggs shall be the *English* Wear,
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear;
 Then *England* shall a greater Tyrant know,
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Stories show;
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil,
 But like the Galley Slaves must sigh in vain,
 For that still fill'd flows out as fast again:
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
 Conscious of the Havock Usurpation made,
 When *Noll's* Tyrannick Hand the Scepter sway'd.

The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again;
 So we implore th'Almighty to dispense
 Rays to revive us, by his Influence,
 That may the long expected Day restore,
 To sing blest Restorations happy Hour,
 And to the Throne his own ANOINTED raise,
 To guide his People and Correct their Ways;
 Whose charming Face will then appear so mild,
 That all may see kind Heav'n's reconcil'd,
 And cheer desponding Mortals with his Sight,
 And back to *Brunswick* send the *German* Wight.